

You Want Facts.

I Present Them to You in the Letters of My Former Patients.

You Do Not Pay Me One Cent Until You Are Cured.

I present to the readers of this paper a few testimonials and names of former patients whom I have cured of rupture, believing that the afflicted would rather correspond with some one who has been cured than read what I might say about myself. You can more fully investigate and convince yourself as to the merits of my treatment. You might doubt my statements. I might make, but you cannot help but believe them if you write to any of all of them. If you are satisfied with what they say about my reliability and methods of treatment, write to me or call and see me. Remember that in all cases I guarantee a cure and do not accept one cent of money until you are well. Consultation by mail or in person is entirely free. I will be pleased to correspond with you regarding your case.

DR. ERNEST HENDERSON.

A Very Bad Case of Rupture Cured in Three Weeks.

McPherson, Kan., June 8, 1909.
I had a very bad case of rupture for years, and suffered greatly. I went to Dr. Henderson and was cured in three weeks. I cannot say too much for him. I have been well ever since. The doctor does not take a cent of money until you are cured. He is a very good doctor and a very kind man. I am very grateful to him. I am, Sir, your truly, J. H. Kelson.

Write for My Treatise on the Cure of Rupture Free.

Another Bad Case Permanently Cured in a Short Time—Grateful for Same.

My Dear Doctor:—I desire to add my testimony to the many others you have received. My case was a very bad one. I was troubled with a rupture for years. I went to Dr. Henderson and was cured in a short time. I am now well and happy. I am very grateful to you. I am, Sir, your truly, J. H. Kelson.

Suffered for Years—Pronounced Incurable by Other Doctors.

Dear Doctor:—I wish to state that I can most heartily recommend your rupture treatment. Since early childhood I have been troubled with a rupture. I have been to many doctors, but none could cure me. I went to Dr. Henderson and was cured in a short time. I am now well and happy. I am very grateful to you. I am, Sir, your truly, J. H. Kelson.

ADDRESS

DR. ERNEST HENDERSON,

103 West Ninth St., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

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DR. HENDERSON

101 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

The Old Reliable Doctor, Old in the art and loved for his skill. A full and complete explanation of his treatment. Over 25 years' special practice.

Dr. Henderson is the State Surgeon-General of Missouri, and has cured thousands of cases of rupture, hernia, and all other ailments of the abdominal organs. He is a very good doctor and a very kind man. I am very grateful to him. I am, Sir, your truly, J. H. Kelson.

Structure cured without instruments. No pain. No danger. No expense. No time. No trouble. No worry. No pain. No danger. No expense. No time. No trouble. No worry. No pain. No danger. No expense. No time. No trouble. No worry.

Varicose, Hydrocele and Phimosis radically cured without pain. Book for both sexes, 10 pages, 32 pictures, with full explanation of the treatment. Sent free to all who send for it. Address: Dr. Henderson, 101 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE BOOK OF ANATOMY FOR MEN.

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Dr. E. O. Smith, 101 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

The Sultan's Dressing Table.

The wonders of the "Arabian Nights" live again in three large halls which compose the great treasury of the sultan of Turkey. Priceless jewels gleam on every side, rare and costly curios from all lands, and furniture studded with precious stones.

It is very rarely that any but royal eyes are permitted to look upon this magnificence. At the entrance of the first hall stands a throne which was captured from the Persians; it is nearly covered with pearls and precious stones. An enormous emerald adorns the center of another jewel-studded throne. A dressing table studded all over with pearls is among the furniture.

In this room also is a marvelous collection of gold and silver cups, plates and dishes, jeweled daggers and knives, suits of armor, and cases containing hundreds of necklaces, brooches and rings. In the midst of all this splendor, ancient and modern, are very up-to-date dressing bags, cameras, telescopes, and even a case of razor, all with fine silver mountings, but seeming rather out of place among such regal surroundings.

Gold and silver ornaments and bric-a-brac are some of the contents of the second hall, including a collection of quaint little toys and of precious metals and stones carefully arranged.

—London Answers.

"What's that sound of running water out there, Willie?"

"It's only my boys, ma. We've been trying the Pillington way on Hobbie Snow an' now we're pouring him out."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, when you get your initiative and your referendum," the old party man said, "and your single tax, and a lot of the rest of it, you'll be satisfied, will you?"

"No, sir!" the reformer replied, "with a wild look in his eye. 'We shall agitate them for a good 5-cent cigar!'"

Chicago Tribune.

Soft China or tussore silk, patterned with quaint garlands and sprays of roses, pansies and other flowers, and flowered muslins and tulle are quite the prettiest thing we have had for a long time.

"Look at the birds in the trees," said the man who wants to keep house; "they wouldn't think of living in a crowded tenement."

"Yes," answered his wife, "but look at the ants. They always live in an apartment house. And everybody knows that ants are cleaner than birds."—Washington Star.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Editorial Staff of the Kansas City Star.

Dear Sir:—I am very glad to hear that you are well and happy. I am very grateful to you. I am, Sir, your truly, J. H. Kelson.

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A CITY DESTROYED

Volcanic Eruption.

Only Thirty Known Survivors—The Awful Work Was Accomplished in About Three Minutes—The Ruins Still Continue.

Paris.—The minister of marine, M. Deland, has received the following from Fort de France, Martinique, under date of May 10, 4 p. m.:

"Arrived at Fort de France with provisions, passing close to St. Pierre. Fire continues; volcano still emitting ashes, with less density."

SUCHET.

Castries, St. Lucia, B. W. I.—Mont Pelée, a volcano, about some ten miles north of St. Pierre, the commercial capital of Martinique, is the mountain which made a faint show of eruption fifty years ago. On May 3 last, it began to throw out dense clouds of smoke. At midnight the same day flames, accompanied with rumbling noises, caused the sky over an immense area, causing widespread terror.

At noon May 5, a stream of burning lava rushed 4,000 feet down the mountain side, following the dry bed of a torrent and reaching the sea, five miles from the mountain. In the rush, the lava destroyed houses, and in its path plants, buildings, factories, cattle and human beings over a breadth of about half a mile.

At the rear of the mouth of Riviere Blanche stood the large Guerin sugar factory, one of the finest in the island. It is now completely entombed in lava. The tall chimney alone is visible. One hundred and fifty persons are estimated to have perished there, including the owner's son.

As the lava rushed into the sea, the latter reached 500 feet all along the west coast; returning with greater strength, a big wave covered the whole sea front of St. Pierre, but doing little damage to the town.

Terrible detonations, heard hundreds of miles northward, followed at short, irregular intervals, and continued at night. In the intense darkness the electric lights failed, but the town was lit up by lurid flashes of flame from the mountains. The terror-stricken inhabitants fled to the hills in their night clothes, screaming, shouting and wailing—mad with terror.

The Pileson family escaped to St. Pierre in a small steamer. Thirty-five persons, mostly women and children, arrived here in the forenoon of the 6th and furnished the above details. The men remained at St. Pierre.

During the afternoon of the 8th, the British steamer Roddam, which had left St. Lucia at midnight on the 7th for Martinique, crawled slowly into the harbor, crowded with refugees, and with ashes, her rigging dismantled and sheets and awnings hanging about torn and charred.

Captain Whittier reported that having just cast anchor off St. Pierre at 8 a. m., in fine weather succeeding an awful thunderstorm during the night, he was talking to the ship's agent, Joseph Pileson, who was in a boat alongside, when he saw a tremendous cloud of smoke and glowing cinders rushing with terrific rapidity over the town and port, completely, in an instant, enveloping the former in a sheet of flames and raining fire and board.

The agent had just time to climb on board when his boat disappeared. Several of the crew of the Roddam were quickly scorched to death. By superhuman efforts, having steam up, one cable was slipped and the steamer backed away from the shore and nine hours later managed to reach Castries.

Ten of the Roddam's men were lying dead, covered and burned out of human semblance among the black cinders which covered the deck's to a depth of six inches. Two more of the crew have since died.

The survivors of the crew were loud in their praise of the heroic conduct of the captain steering the vessel away from destruction with his own hands, and of the crew who kept the ship from being wrecked on the shore.

By the British royal mail steamer Esk, which called off Martinique at 10 o'clock Sunday night, reports standing off shore five miles, sounding her whistle and sending up rockets. She received no answer.

The whole sea front was blazing for miles.

The Esk sent a boat ashore, but it could not land on account of the terrific fire, which was accompanied by loud explosions.

Not a living soul appeared ashore after the boat had waited for two hours.

Immense areas of cattle ranch have been destroyed by too much crowding and by sheep. Strung in large bunches up the grassy slopes and on the rain with their hoofs that it dits. The railways of the northwest have combined to find the grass most suitable for stock, and to this end will divide 30,000 acres of land into thirty subdivisions, each of which will be planted with a different kind of grass.

Calculta is to be improved by driving wide, open thoroughfares through the slums of the city, at a cost of nearly \$1,000,000.

The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian barrier reef, which is 1,100 miles in length.

An American syndicate has made a proposition to the ports to construct a line of railways along the eastern littoral of the Red sea. The railway mileage of Turkey in Europe is but 1,200 and in Asia Minor 1,500. No railway of any length in Turkey is at present able to meet prevailing export and import demands.

Complicated companies that have made the experiment have been forced to compromise with their bondholders.

ARTISTE'S DEATH

First Artist—A Mr. Struckoyle offered Dobbie a thousand dollars for that picture yesterday.

Second Artist—He didn't grab it. First Artist—No; he said he wanted time to consider.

Second Artist—Poor fool! To let his conscience trouble him like that!

Blowhard—My ancestors had blue blood in their veins.

Biffer—Too bad! I suppose there weren't any more blood-purifiers on the market in those days there are now.

—Ohio State Journal.

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TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

San Francisco—A French coasting steamer arrived from Port de France, Martinique, under date of May 10, 4 p. m. The steamer was loaded with food of all sorts and was sent back to Martinique at 7 p. m. The captain of this steamer reported that some thirty persons left St. Pierre by the 6 o'clock boat Thursday morning for Port de France and, consequently, were saved.

All attempts to get to St. Pierre are barred by fire. The closest observation possible showed houses still blazing and streets strewn with charred bodies.

It is certain that the whole town and neighboring country for miles is utterly destroyed, and it is feared here that few if any of the inhabitants escaped.

The volcano of the island of St. Vincent, "Mount La Soufriere," which erupted on Wednesday night reports that the northern third of the island was in flames and cut off from assistance by a continuous stream of burning lava, ashes falling in heavy showers as far as 150 miles away.

St. Vincent is safe, but people here are very anxious as to the fate of the rest of the island.

Dominica and St. Lucia have very active geysers, but they show no departure from normal conditions. Foodstuffs of all kinds are urgently wanted.

Washington.—The nomination of Eugene F. Ware was confirmed by the Senate Saturday. Mr. Ware spent several hours at the pension office Saturday morning with Commissioner Evans, acquainting himself with the general character of the work and details of the office. He then went to the capitol, where Mr. Curtis introduced him to members of congress. All the Kansas members were present. Ware was accompanied by his wife and children. He made a highly favorable impression upon all who met him and it is predicted that he will prove a popular commissioner.

It has been decided that Mr. Ware shall take charge of the pension office at the capitol. No changes of any importance are involved in the head of the pension bureau.

Mr. Ware has looked into the matter and finds, as outlined in these dispatches some time ago, that he has practically no patronage at his disposal. The only thing he has is the Kansas members of congress, and when he is asked to have served in the same regiment with him in the war. He says he knew his regiment was a large one, but he is certain that it was much larger than he suspected from the number of those who say they served with him in the same command. Some of these he remembers, but several thousands have completely escaped his memory and none seems to have died in the meantime.

Young Boy Killed Him.

Somerset, Pa.—Mark D. McElvaine, aged 11 years, a son of one of the most prominent families of Somerset, Pa., died at his home, Somerset, Pa., Sunday, May 15, 1909, as the result of a tragedy which occurred here Sunday evening.

The two boys were out with a Flobert rifle, shooting at birds and other objects.

McElvaine had the gun and in some way it was accidentally discharged. He was standing in the yard, and the bullet, which was fired from the neck, and coming out of the back of the neck. McElvaine, seeing this, ran to his home. He hastened upstairs with the gun, placed the muzzle to his forehead and discharged the weapon. He was lying on the floor, the gun beside him. Physicians were quickly summoned, but he died in a short time. While Bricker's wound is serious, it will probably not prove fatal.

Murderer Mulltates His Victim.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Lawrence Bressano, a fireman in the Atlantic hotel, died at his home, Bridgeport, Conn., Sunday, May 15, 1909, as the result of a tragedy which occurred here Sunday evening.

The survivors of the crew were loud in their praise of the heroic conduct of the captain steering the vessel away from destruction with his own hands, and of the crew who kept the ship from being wrecked on the shore.

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